THE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26. 1779.

THE late invaſion of Jerſey being the reigning topic of diſcourſe, I have extracted the following account of the manner of its being invaded and taken, about 128 years ago, from the Rev. Mr Falle's Hiſtory of that iſland, 1692.

CRITO.

ACCOUNT *of the Capture of the Iſland of* JERSEY *by the* Engliſh *in* 1651.

IN October 1651, the armament fitted againſt us put to ſea, under command of Admiral Blake, whilſt Major-general Haines had the particular charge of the forces appointed for the deſcent. The 24th of that month 80 ſail (which were but part of the fleet) appeared in ſight of the iſland, and the ſame day came to an anchor in St Ouen's Bay. Theſe lay quiet all that day, and the night following. But the next day, October 21. early in the morning, their cannon began to play, which was anſwered by that of ſeveral little forts and redoubts in the bay, and by 24 field-pieces always following the militia upon a march. Some of the leſſer frigates advanced ſo near the ſhore as to bring both parties within a diſtance to play their ſmall arms. This laſted four hours, after which the whole fleet drew off, and went to St Brelade's-bay (about a league from that of St Ouen), where being anchored, they ſent back a ſquadron to St Ouen, and others towards St Aubin's bay, St Clement, and Grouville, meaning to tire and diſtract our troops, by making a ſhew as though they intended to land in all thoſe different places at once; and accordingly ſeveral companies were detached to wait on their motions; the main body of the fleet lying ſtill at St Brelade's-bay, and the beſt part of the camp there likewiſe to obſerve it.

October 22. a little after midnight, the enemies at St Brelade were obſerved to ſhip off in ſeveral flat-bottomed boats, which they had brought for that ſervice, ten or twelve battalions, to the number (as was conjectured) of about 4000 foot, in order to make a deſcent, which they attempted by break of day, under the covert of their ſhips, which approached as near to the land as the nature of the place would give leave. But ſeeing themſelves beaten from two ſmall forts that had been raiſed in the bay, and the iſlanders drawn up on the ſands in a poſture to receive them, they retired to their

ſhips, which forthwith weighed anchor, and returned to St Ouen, leaving only 19 men of war in St Brelade's-bay.

This obliged the Governor (Sir George Carteret) to follow them again to St Ouen, after he had poſted ſome companies of the militia, his own company of fuziliers, and all the dragoons, to oppoſe thoſe who remained at St Brelade. The enemies being come to St Ouen, directed their courſe northwards to l'Etac, the fartheſt point of that bay, as if they meant to land there, whether they were immediately followed by the iſlanders. But it ſoon appeared their deſign was only to harraſs our troops, for they ſuddenly tacked about, and ſteered to the oppoſite point; which motion was likewiſe attended by our forces on ſhore; the enemies playing all the while furiouſly with their cannon, which was anſwered in the ſame manner as the day before.

The night coming on, it was thought neceſſary to ſend the troops, which had now been three days and two nights under arms, exceedingly fatigued with ſo many marches and counter-marches, and much incommoded with a ſmall rain that had not ceaſed to fall ever ſince they were in action, to refreſh in the neighbouring villages; the indefatigable Governor, with a ſmall body of horſe, not departing all the while from the ſhore.

That fatal night proved uncommonly dark, and under the favour of it the enemies landed a battalion; which, as ſoon as diſcovered, was, with great bravery, charged by the Governor and the horſe he had with him. The charge was bloody and deſperate, many of the enemies being killed and wounded. But others poured on ſo faſt, that the infantry, diſperſed along the coaſt for refreſhment (as was ſaid before), had not time to come in and ſuſtain the horſe. And now their followed a general landing of the army; and the very next day, October 23. ſo furious a tempeſt aroſe from the weſt, that if they had not, by ſuch lucky and timely reduction of the iſland, gained a retreat for their fleet into the ports, the greateſt part of it muſt, in all appearance, have periſhed; as it happened to one of their ſtouteſt ſhips, which was daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks, and not a man ſaved of 300 that were in it.

The fort of St Aubin, which commands the harbour of that name, might have proved a hindrance to the fleet's taking ſhelter there. But Sir George Carteret was ſo ill obeyed, that he with grief ſaw the place yielded up almoſt as ſoon as ſummoned. Nor did Mont Orgueil make a much better reſiſtance, being no longer the ſame as in thoſe ancient times, when a conſtable of France * with 10,000 men beſieged it in vain. For, even ſince Elizabeth Caſtle had been made the reſidence of the Governor, the chief care was laid out upon that, and very little done to ſupport this. It had but 18 guns mounted, with five iron mortars, when Major-general Haines ſat down before it. Sir George Carteret had ſhut himſelf up in Elizabeth Caſtle, which had 340 men in garriſon, with proviſions for eight months, and no cannon could be brought nearer than St Helier's-hill, about 3-4ths of a mile diſtant, all betwixt the hill and the caſtle being ſea or ſand. So that all the harm done in many days, from the continual fire of twelve 36 pounders, amounted to no more than beating down ſome parapets, which were ſoon made up with turf. But two very large mortars being drawn up the hill, one fell on the church, and blue up the magazine under it with dreadful execution. And, at length, proviſions grew ſhort, and no proſpect of relief being left, the garriſon ſurrendered the place upon honourable terms.

REFLECTIONS *on* FRIENDSHIP *and the* CHOICE *of* FRIENDS. *From a Lady of Quality's Advice to her Children.*

IF we are right in ſaying that a true friend is a treaſure, we may be equally ſure that a falſe one is a monſter. He abuſes the confidence we place in him, to our ruin, and makes ſport of the affection we ſhow him: there are hypocrites in friendſhip as well as in religion.

But there is nothing more agreeable or uſeful to mankind than friendſhip: without this, the happieſt life leaves a vacuum which can never be filled; there are a thouſand caſes in which we have need of counſel or aſſiſtance; a thouſand ſituations in which we have no comfort but in the ſight of a friend; he is a ſupport under every difficulty; a *Mentor* to recall our wandering ſteps.

Gentleneſs of manners, and a compliance of diſpoſition will ſecure to you all the bleſſings of friendſhip; but if you

* *Bertrand de Gueſclin*, 1372.

are not upon your guard againſt external appearances, you will run the riſque either of having falſe friends, or of having no friend at all.

Your choice muſt not be determined either by an agreeable countenance, a lively turn of converſation, or a brilliancy of wit; we are often enſnared by theſe exterior accompliſhments; but experience will teach you, that there is nothing ſo deceitful as words and looks.

You muſt penetrate into the very ſoul of him whom you with really to know; if you liſten only to the public voice, you will find your judgment equally divided between ſatire and panegyric, and you will not know which ſide to take. I never knew a perſon who had not his ſhare of good and evil report. While ſome commend him, others blame him; and it is almoſt always prejudice which determines both the one and the other.

It is not in the circle of irregularity, or in the lap of pleaſure, that you will meet with minds ſuſceptible of true friendſhip; for ſhe is prudent and diſcreet; and young men, enſlaved to their paſſions, are intemperate and precipitate: you need not ſee them more than once to know them thoroughly; they commend nothing but pleaſure; they admire nothing but diſſipation; they ſpeak of nothing but what is injurious to religion and morality; all which are the ſtrongeſt arguments againſt the admiſſion of ſuch perſons into your friendſhip.

Thus, if you ſhould make choice of one that is fond of play, he would ſoon perſuade you that his paſſion is a certain reſource againſt dullneſs and misfortunes; that the gaming table is the rendezvous of the beſt company; that it is very agreeable to make ſuch large intereſt of one's money; till, in ſhort, he prevails, and you are undone. Connect yourſelf with a man of pleaſure, and he will tell you there is no happineſs but in ſenſual gratifications; and, in the end, he will pervert your underſtanding, and corrupt your affections; one inſenſibly becomes wicked, by converſing with ſuch as are wickedly diſpoſed: this is an opinion which is confirmed by reaſon and ſad experience.

An ill-diſpoſed friend involves us in every kind of misfortune; and the wounds which he gives us are ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe he often goes down with us into the pit which he has digged for us. His kindneſs enſnares us; and though we ſee we are the dupes of his folly, we have no longer reſolution to oppoſe it. Leave the choice of your friends to virtue, which will preſerve you from theſe dangers.

How happy will you be, if ever you are bleſt with a real friend! he will be a living book, in which you may read your duty; and your own affection being joined with his, there will be only one mind and one will betwixt you: when we are united by generous ſentiments, we mutually encourage each other to every thing that is good: there is ſomething ſacred in friendſhip when it is animated by virtue. But we muſt not expect to find true friends, if we do not uſe our utmoſt endeavours to deſerve them; there is nothing more common than to hear people complain of the ſcarcity of friends, and nothing more rare than to ſee them ſtudious to cultivate friendſhip. We are not apt to think that friendſhip is a commerce, which muſt be carried on at a mutual expence.

Do not accuſtom yourſelves to call any man your friend whom you have not proved, and whom you do not know to be ſuch: be honeſt, ſincere, and agreeable yourſelves, and I will be anſwerable for it, that the bleſſing of friendſhip ſhall be yours. We form connexions too haſtily to have real friends, and we change them too often to know their value: there is too much levity to be met with every where, and only the ſhadow of friendſhip to be ſeen.

A virtuous perſon, to whom we can at all times with ſafety unboſom ourſelves, is of more uſe to us than books or converſation: when we are agitated by our paſſions, we ſeek an aſylum in his breaſt, and find that tranquility which we ſo much want.

Only make your obſervations on two faithful friends; liſten to them, and you will find in their language and their ſentiments, a degree of candour and benevolence that will charm you: if they deſcant on the emptineſs of earthly honours, it is the voice of reaſon; if they give an account of their own affairs, it is done with the utmoſt openneſs and integrity. They adhere cloſely to the dictates of virtue; the ſtrongeſt ſupports the weaker; the wiſer inſtructs the more ignorant; each is content with his own meaſure of knowledge; and in this little ſociety, neither wiſhes to have the pre-eminence.

You are now arrived at an age to think

of making ſuch friends: a friendſhip begun in our youth is a bond not eaſily to be broken. Experience will teach you, that the generality of perſons, whom you meet with in the world are only fit for the intercourſe of common civility; and that the number of thoſe among whom a friend is to be choſen, is very ſmall. Let this choice be directed by reaſon, as well as by the affections, and you will never then have cauſe to repent of it.

We are never more ſenſible of the true value of a friend, than when we labour under any ſickneſs or misfortune. The courtier paſſes by, and does not remember that he ever ſaw you; the man of the world ſends to enquire after you, and proceeds no farther; but the real friend uſurpes every thing, nay, quits every thing, to aſſiſt and comfort you; he divides himſelf, he multiplies himſelf, he knows no greater pleaſure than in opening his heart and diſcovering the ſincerity of his affection. We are always ready to diſcloſe our hearts, when we have nothing but virtues to ſhew.

I could not have ſaid ſo much on the ſubject of friendſhip, if it were not ſo abſolutely neceſſary in human life.—Heaven grant that theſe reflections may imprint on your minds thoſe ſentiments which friendſhip inſpires!

The WEATHER-GLASS *of* WIT: *A new Diſcovery.*

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

SIR,

YOU muſt know I am one of thoſe people who are commonly called *Virtuoſos*. I am very ſenſible that the generality of mankind are apt to hold us extremely cheap, to entertain a low and contemptible opinion of us, as an uſeleſs ſet of animals; but I hope it will appear from the following diſcovery, that they have little reaſon to be ſo liberal of their ridicule and ſcorn.

I was formerly a great traveller. When I was in Germany I happened to make an acquaintance with a celebrated alchymiſt, who had ſpent a conſiderable part of his life, to ſay nothing of his fortune, in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone. It muſt be owned, that men in this line of virtuoſoſhip have failed in their principal attempt, yet, the accidental diſcovery of a ſecret which they never aimed at, in their laſt fitting out, has amply recompenſed them for the labour of their undertaking.

This was the caſe of my worthy friend above-mentioned.—He was obliged, by an untimely death, to leave the great work unfiniſhed; but it is owing to his induſtry, that I am become maſter of an arcanum of equal, if not of ſuperior importance.

My acquaintance with this gentleman commenced a little before his death: he had, however, taken ſuch a fancy to me, in this ſhort time, that he bequeathed to me, by his laſt will, all his books and curioſities. It would be a tedious taſk to give you an exact account of all the rarities which came in this manner into my poſſeſſion; but there was, among the reſt, a curious machine, which I took, at firſt ſight, to be a thermometer. It was conſtructed in the uſual form, but very ſmall, the glaſs tube not being above three inches long; this tube was filled with a red tranſparent liquor, and behind it was an ivory ſcale, upon which the degrees of heat and cold (as I then thought) were delineated with the utmoſt correctneſs; but there was no inſcription upon it to point out the changes of the air, as is uſually done on the common thermometers, by the words hot, temperate, &c.

Taking this inſtrument home with me, I placed it on the table in my ſtudy. That night the weather changed, as it does frequently in Germany, from temperate to very cold. I was eager to ſee my thermometer the next morning, in expectation of its ſhewing exactly this change: but as ſoon as I caſt my eye upon it, I perceived that the ſpirits ſtood preciſely where they had been the day before: I could not tell what to make of this. However, I had a mind to make a farther trial of it, and therefore placed it on the table near the fire, to ſee if the heat would make the ſpirits riſe. It is my conſtant cuſtom, in a morning, while my breakfaſt is getting ready, to entertain myſelf with a book, and I generally take up one of the claſſics for this purpoſe. This morning I happened to take up Virgil; the moment I began to read, I ſaw the ſpirits mount up ſuddenly in the thermometer, from whence I concluded, that there muſt have been a very ſudden alteration in the air: but upon laying the book aſide, to obſerve the inſtrument more minutely, the ſpirits immediately ſubſided to their former pitch.

This accident ſurprized me much; but I had greater reaſon for admiration

when I obſerved that the moment I began to read on, the ſpirits began to aſcend again, and that they ſunk as ſoon as I left off. I imagined, at firſt, that my breath was the cauſe of this ſudden change; but I ſhortly laid aſide that ſurmiſe, as I perceived that there was the ſame appearance, whether I read aloud, or to myſelf, and whether I was near to, or at a diſtance from the glaſs. While I was in this perplexed ſituation, I took up the firſt book which came to hand, which happened to be a volume of Dutch ſermons, given to me by an eminent divine when I firſt went abroad. I had ſcarcely dipped into it, when I ſaw, to my great aſtoniſhment, that the liquor, inſtead of riſing, ſunk down, on a ſudden, to the very bottom of the tube, and aſcended again as ſuddenly upon my laying the book aſide. Moſt people, had they been in my place, would have attributed this phænomenon to magic. For my own part, I muſt freely confeſs, that I do not comprehend what ſecret properties this liquor has, and how it is prepared, but muſt leave that matter to be diſcuſſed by the philoſophers and naturaliſts of this inquiſitive, inveſtigating age: all I can ſay to it is, that by making a great many experiments, of a ſimilar kind, I always found, that the ſpirits in the tube roſe or fell in proportion to the altitude or depreſſion of the author's genius.

As moſt inventions have originated from chance, ſo I may venture to ſay, that I have, by mere accident, found out the uſe of an inſtrument, which may be properly ſtiled the Teſt of Underſtanding, or the Weather-Glaſs of Wit; as it ſhews the degree of heat or coldneſs in the underſtanding, with as much certainty as the common thermometers do that of the atmoſphere. By the niceſt obſervation I have been able to make it appear, that the different degrees of ſenſe are ranged according to the following ſcale, which, for that reaſon, I have affixed to the thermometer.

———Madneſs.
———Wildneſs.
———True wit and fire.
———Vivacity.
———Good ſenſe.
———Gravity.
———Pertneſs.
———Dullneſs.
———Stupidity and folly.

If any objection ſhould be made to my placing the different degrees of underſtanding at equal diſtances from each other, I muſt acquaint the objector, that it did not proceed from my own invention, but that it was the reſult of ſeveral long and careful experiments, which I made at the riſing and falling of the ſpirits in my thermometer.

Whenever I read a plain ſenſible production of any author, I always obſerved that the ſpirits kept exactly to the middle point. If good ſenſe was mixed here and there with a lively ſtroke, they roſe to vivacity. A degree more of heat raiſes the thermometer to fire, which is always the more laudable quality in an author, the more ſteadily and equally it burns. Too great a degree of fire degenerates into wildneſs or extravagance, which laſt is but one degree below madneſs, or the raving point. The lower part of the ſcale points out the different degrees of coldneſs in the underſtanding. Good ſenſe, by a farther degree of cold, is condenſed into gravity: gravity, as appears from my glaſs falling juſt as much ſhort of good ſenſe as vivacity does of true wit, or fire; and as they are but one degree diſtant from each other, this may, probably, be the reaſon why the man of vivacity is often miſtaken for a wit, and the grave man for a man of ſenſe. The next degree below gravity is pertneſs; this quality of the mind is equally diſtant from good ſenſe; but with this difference, that as true wit is two degrees above, ſo pertneſs is juſt as many below that point; for the witty writer borders upon extravagance, but the pert one is but a ſingle degree above being dull.

I may, perhaps, hereafter, communicate to you the obſervations which I have made, from time to time, upon different kinds of writers, by the help of my thermometer; for I have brought it to ſo great a degree of exactneſs, that I can tell, to the twelfth part of an inch, how much wit there is in any author. But I ſhall wave this at preſent, to inform you that I ſeldom go into company without taking my glaſs with me. While others are employed upon gazing at the conſtruction of it, and obſerving the inſcription, which is a character of my own invention, ſomewhat reſembling the Coptic, I have an opportunity of examining the height or depth of their capacities.

The many advantages that the public

may derive from this portable machine are obvious, and will ſuffice, I hope, to intitle the inventor of it to your protection and encouragement. I am,

Yours, &c.

PETER PROJECT.

Curious ACCOUNT *of* BIRD-CATCHING. *From* Britiſh *Zoology. By the Hon.* Daines Barrington.

IN the ſuburbs of London (and particularly about Shoreditch) are ſeveral weavers and other tradeſmen, who, during the months of October and March, get their livelihood by an ingenious, and, we may ſay, a ſcientific method of *bird-catching*, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain. The reaſon of this trade being confined to ſo ſmall a compaſs, ariſes from there being no conſiderable ſale for ſinging birds except in the metropolis: as the apparatus for this purpoſe is alſo heavy, and at the ſame time muſt be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird-catchers going to above three or four miles diſtance.

This method of bird-catching muſt have been long practiſed, as it is brought to a moſt ſyſtematical perfection, and is attended with a very conſiderable expence.

The nets are a moſt ingenious piece of mechaniſm; are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one, on bare inſpection, would imagine that a bird (who is ſo very quick in all its motions) could be catched by the nets flapping over each other, till he becomes eye-witneſs of the pullers ſeldom failing.

The wild birds *fly* (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much leſs conſiderable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted alſo, that the ſeveral ſpecies of birds of *flight* do not make their appearance precilely at the ſame time, during the months of September, October, and November. The pippet *, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the woodlark, linnet, goldfinch, chaffinch, greenfinch, and other birds of flight, ſucceed; all of which are not eaſily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the pippet and the woodlark.

Theſe birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day-break to noon, though there is afterwards a ſmall flight from two till night; but this, however, is ſo inconſiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deſerve the attention of the naturaliſt whence theſe periodical flights of certain birds can ariſe. As the ground, however, is plowed during the months of October and March for ſowing the winter and lent corn, it ſhould ſeem that they are thus ſupplied with a great profuſion both of ſeeds and inſects, which they cannot ſo eaſily procure at any other ſeaſon.

It may not be improper to mention another circumſtance, to be obſerved during their flitting, viz. that they fly always againſt the wind: hence, there is great contention amongſt the bird-catchers who ſhall gain that point; if (for example) it is weſterly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets moſt to the eaſt, is ſure almoſt of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the ſouth-weſt generally produces the beſt ſport.

The bird-catcher, who is a ſubſtantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpoſe, generally carries with him five or ſix linnets, (of which more are caught than any ſinging bird), two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one red poll, a yellow-hammer, tit-lark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; theſe are placed at ſmall diſtances from the nets in little cages. He hath, beſides, what are called *flur-birds*, which are placed within the nets, are raiſed upon the flur †, and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. Theſe generally conſiſt of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are ſecured to the flur by what is called a brace ‡; a contrivance that ſecures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a

* *A ſmall ſpecies of lark, but which is inferior to other birds of that genus in point of ſong.*

† *A moveable perch to which the bird is tied, and which the bird-catcher can raiſe at pleaſure by means of a long ſtring faſtened to it.*

‡ *A ſort of bandage, formed of a ſlender ſilken ſtring that is faſtened round the bird's body, and under the wings, in ſo artful a manner as to hinder the bird from being hurt, let it flutter ever ſo much in the traiſing.*

ſuperiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in ſong than the other, the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds ſhould moult before the uſual time. They, therefore, in June or July, put them into a cloſe box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raiſe a greater heat; in which ſtate they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have freſh water. As for food, the air is ſo putrid, that they eat little during the whole ſtate of confinement, which laſts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation; and hence the value of a ſtopped-bird riſes greatly. When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in ſong whilſt the wild birds are out of ſong, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of a gold-finch, for example, become deeper, and more vivid, together with a moſt beautiful gloſs, which is not to be ſeen in the wild bird. The bill, which in the latter is likewiſe black at the end, in the ſtopped-bird, becomes white and more taper, as do its legs; in ſhort, there is as much difference between a wild and a ſtopped-bird, as there is between a horſe which is kept in body-clothes or at graſs.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he diſpoſes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It muſt be owned, that there is a moſt malicious joy in theſe call-birds to bring the wild ones into the ſame ſtate of captivity; which may likewiſe be obſerved with regard to the decoy-ducks.

Their ſight, and hearing, infinitely excel that of the bird-catcher. The inſtant that the * wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the reſt of the call-birds, (as it is by the firſt hound that hits on the ſcent, to the reſt of the pack); after which, follows the ſame ſort of tumultuous ecſtacy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a diſtance, do not ſing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call *ſhort-jerks*, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great diſtance. The aſcendency by this call or invitation is ſo great, that the wild bird is ſtopped in its courſe of flight; and, if not already acquainted with the nets †, lights boldly within 20 yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a ſpot which otherwiſe it would not have taken the leaſt notice of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and ſhare the ſame fate; and ſhould only one bird eſcape, that bird will ſuffer itſelf to be pulled at till it is caught; ſuch a faſcinating power have the call-birds.

While we are on the ſubject of the jerking of birds, we cannot omit mentioning, that the bird-catchers frequently lay conſiderable wagers whoſe call-bird can jerk the longeſt, as that determines the ſuperiority. They place them oppoſite to each other, by an inch of candle; and the bird who jerks the oftneſt, before the candle is burnt out, wins the wager. We have been informed, that there have been inſtances of a bird's giving 170 jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet, in ſuch a trial, perſevere in its emulation till it ſwooned from the perch: thus, as Pliny ſays of the nightingale, *victa morte finit ſæpe vitam, ſpiritu prius deficiente quam cantu*, lib. x. cap. 29. It may be here obſerved, that birds, when near each other, and in ſight, ſeldom jerk or ſing. They either fight, or uſe ſhort and wheedling calls; the jerking of theſe call-birds, therefore, face to face, is a moſt extraordinary inſtance of contention for ſuperiority of ſong.

To theſe we may add a few particulars that fell within our notice during our inquiries among the bird-catchers; ſuch as, that they immediately kill the hens of every ſpecies of birds they take, being incapable of ſinging, as alſo being inferior in plumage; the pippets likewiſe are indiſcriminately deſtroyed, as the cock does not ſing well; they ſell the dead birds for three pence or four-pence a dozen.—Theſe ſmall birds are ſo good, that we are ſurpriſed the luxury of the age neglects ſo delicate an acquiſition to the table. The modern Italians are fond of ſmall birds, which they eat under the common name of *beccaficos*: and the dear rate a Roman tragedian paid for one diſh of ſinging-birds is well known.

* *It may be alſo obſerved, that the moment they ſee a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call, though the wild birds are near.*

† *A bird acquainted with the nets is by the bird-catchers termed a* ſharper; *which they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no ſport whilſt it continues near them.*

Another particular we learned in converſation with a London bird catcher, was the vaſt price which is ſometimes given for a ſingle ſong-bird, which had not learned to whiſtle tunes. The greateſt ſum we heard of was five guineas for a chaffinch, that had a particular and uncommon note, under which it was intended to train others: and we alſo heard of five pounds ten ſhillings being given for a call-bird linnet.

A Curious Alteration in the CLOCKS *of* BAZIL *in* Switzerland.—*From Cox's Tour through* Switzerland.

I ARRIVED here the day before yeſterday, and, as I had good reaſon to be aſſured, about twelve at noon; but was much ſurpriſed to find, that all the clocks in the town agreed to make me ſuppoſe I was miſtaken, and actually ſtruck one: the fact is, that every one of them go an hour after than thoſe of the reſt of Europe. Different reaſons have been aſſigned for this ſingularity: ſome aſſert, that it was firſt practiſed during the Council of Baſil, in order to aſſemble the Cardinals and Biſhops the earlier, who being a lazy and indolent ſet of mortals, always came too late. Others tell you, that a conſpiracy being formed to enter the town at midnight, and to aſſaſſinate the Magiſtrates, one of the Burgomaſters, who had notice of the deſign, put the town-clock an hour forwards; by which means the conſpirators, imagining they had miſſed the appointed time, retired; and that the clocks are ſtill kept forwards, as a perpetual memorial of this happy deliverance. But there is a third reaſon given for this ſtrange cuſtom, which ſeems by far the moſt probable. It is well known that the choirs of cathedrals and churches are conſtructed towards the eaſt: that of Baſil declines ſomewhat from this direction; and the ſun-dial, which is placed upon the outſide of the choir, and by which the town-clock is always regulated, partakes of this declination; a circumſtance, which, according to the celebrated Bernoulli, occaſions a variation from the true time of about five and forty minutes.

But whatever may have been the origin of this whimſical cuſtom, the inhabitants of Bazil are ſo ſtrongly attached to it, that as often as it has been propoſed in the ſovereign Council to have their clocks properly regulated, the motion has conſtantly been rejected. In reality, the people would think their liberties invaded, if their clocks were to go like the reſt of the world's. A few years ago it was ſecretly agreed upon by ſome of the leading men of the town, to have the ſun-dial turned half a minute a-day, until the ſhadow ſhould impereeptibly point to the true hour. This expedient was accordingly put in practice, and the town-clock had already loſt near three quarters of an hour, when an accident diſcovered the plot, and the Magiſtrates were compelled to place the ſun-dial in the ſame poſition it ſtood before, and to have the town-clock regulated by it as uſual.

A curious INSTANCE *of* INFLEXIBLE VIRTUE; *founded on Fact.*

IN the year 1526, James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, merchant, being elected Mayor of Galway in Ireland, ſent his only ſon commander of one of his ſhips to Bilboa in Spain, for a cargo of wine.—Former dealings at this place were the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of to ſecrete the money for his own uſe, which his father intruſted him with for the purchaſe of the cargo. The Spaniard who ſupplied him on this occaſion, ſent his nephew with him to Ireland to receive the debt, and eſtabliſh a further correſpondence.

The young men, who were much of an age, ſailed together with that ſeeming ſatisfaction which congenial ſituations generally create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleaſures which he ſhould enjoy with ſuch a friend, in a place then remarkable for qualities, which we are no longer to look for but in the narrative of former times. The ſhip proceeded on her voyage, and as every day muſt bring them nearer the place of deſtination, and diſcover the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical reſolution of throwing his friend overboard. After ſounding the ſentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpoſe by promiſe of reward, and the reſt by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently ſeized in his bed, and thrown overboard. A few days more brought them to port; his father and friends received him with joy, and, in a ſhort time, beſtowed a ſufficient capital

to fet him up in buſineſs. Security had lulled every ſenſe of danger, and he propoſed for a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed, which was to crown his yet ſucceſsful wiſhes, when one of the ſailors who had been with him on the voyage to Spain, was taken ill, and finding himſelf at the point of death, ſent for the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his ſon had committed on the high ſeas.

The father, though ſtruck ſpeechleſs with aſtoniſhment and grief, at length took off all the feelings which incline the parent to natural partiality. "Juſtice ſhall take its courſe," ſaid the indignant magiſtrate; and he, within a few minutes, had his ſon ſeized, with the reſt of the crew, and threw them into priſon. They all confeſſed the crime; a criminal proceſs was made out againſt them, and in a few days a ſmall town in the weſt of Ireland beheld a ſight unparalleled by very few inſtances in the hiſtory of mankind; a father ſitting in judgment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his ſon! and, like him too, condemning him to die as a ſacrifice to public juſtice! If the Almighty looks down with pleaſure on the virtues of mankind, here was an action worthy of approbation—a father conſigning his ſon to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the bonds of paternal affection, where the laws of nature were violated, and juſtice demanded the blow! "Were any other but your wretched father your judge, ſaid the inflexible magiſtrate, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortunes, and ſolicited for his life, though ſtained with murder—but you muſt die! Theſe are the laſt drops which ſhall quench the ſparks of nature—and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not ſhut the gates of mercy on the deſtroyer of his fellow-creature."

He was led back to priſon, and a ſhort time appointed for his execution. Amazement ſat on the face of every one within this little community, which at moſt did not conſiſt of more than three hundred people. The relations of the unhappy culprit ſurrounded the father; they conjured him, by all the ſolicitude of nature and compaſſion, to ſpare his ſon. His wretched mother, whoſe name was Blake, flew in diſtraction to the heads of her own family, and at length prevailed on them, for the honour of their houſe, to reſcue her from the ignominy his death muſt bring on their name. They armed to deliver him from priſon; when his father, being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own houſe, which he ſurrounded with the officers of juſtice. He made the executioner faſten the rope to his neck: "You ſhave little time to live, my ſon, ſaid he—let the care of your ſoul employ the few moments—take the laſt embrace of your unhappy father."—He ordered the rope to be well ſecured to a window, and compelled the conſtables to throw the body out—a few minutes put an end to his exiſtence.—Under the window, in Lombard ſtreet, to this day, a ſkull and bones, carved in black marble, is to be ſeen, which the father put as a *memento mori*. Succeeding times looked upon an act with aſtoniſhment, which the production of the arts in this country ſhould perpetuate with ſtatues.

ANECDOTES *of the* EFFECTS *of* FEAR.

THERE is nothing more certain than that the apprehenſion of any evil is worſe than the thing itſelf. In the well-known ſtory of the rat and the rattle-ſnake, in which it plainly appears, that the death of the rat was wholly owing to the terror which its mortal enemy, the rattle-ſnake, had put it under. I ſhall here endeavour to prove, that mankind are liable to the ſame terrors and apprehenſions of death as other animals, by two remarkable inſtances, which, though they have no other merit but that of being true, that I hope will ſecure me the good opinion of the candid reader.

There was, not long ſince, in the Turkiſh empire, a perſon who had unfortunately incurred the diſpleaſure of the then baſhaw; and as in thoſe countries the ſentence of death is wholly in the diſpoſal of the chief miniſter of the province, ſo he varies it according to his own caprice, or that of his favourite; it happened here that the ſentence was, to have the great arteries opened, and the unhappy criminal to bleed to death. But ſome curious Engliſh gentlemen, being at the court, at that time, petitioned the baſhaw with ſo good ſucceſs, that the ſentence was repealed, and the man was put into their power: every thing had now happened according to theſe gentlemen's wiſh, as

they had no other motives than that of humanity, and the desire to gratify their own curiosity, in seeing how far the apprehension alone of the sentence would hurt him.

When the day of execution came, the unhappy criminal appeared, seated on a machine which kept him from moving, at the bottom of which was a bathing-tub; he was then blindfolded, and the executioner, who had received his secret orders, was now bid to begin; which he did, by giving him two or three small scratches, and at the same time some small spouts, which had been procured for the purpose, were (to carry on the deceit) supplied with warm water, which ran trickling into the bathing-tub at the bottom. We now come to the unhappy period. The deluded victim appeared in all the agonies of death; and, notwithstanding the utmost magnanimity with which he had acted on this occasion, his mind could not bear an apprehension so dreadful, but nature sunk under the burden, and he died in a few minutes.

The other case happened in Italy, and was in the following manner:

Nicolo, Marquis of Ferrara, was taken ill of a quartan fever, which continued so violent that his physicians gave him up, and sent him to a house he had on the river Po for change of air; he took with him one servant, who loved him with the utmost tenderness; and this servant having heard that sudden fear was a sovereign remedy for a quartan fever, resolved to try if on his master; wherefore having observed that the Marquis walked every day on the banks of the Po, and knowing it was not very deep, he resolved to push him in. He acquainted a miller, who lived over against the place, with his design, and, having ordered him to be ready with his boat to take his master up, if there should be occasion, one morning he threw him in; after which he immediately fled to Padua. In the mean time the miller took up the Marquis, who was indeed thoroughly frightened, and vowed to be revenged.

So extraordinary a case was the subject of every body's conversation; the Marquis caused his servant to be summoned before the courts of justice, and, not appearing, he was for ever banished Ferrara, and condemned, if he should ever return thither, to be beheaded.

This news soon reached Padua, notwithstanding which the servant, in a few days, came back to Ferrara, and desired admittance to the Marquis; which was denied, and, instead thereof, he was apprehended, and ordered to prepare for execution. The Marquis, however, finding himself cured of his fever, his resentment began to abate, and he was determined to save him, but to seem resolved to let the law take its course. A day was therefore fixed for his execution, and all Ferrara thronged to see it performed. The servant appeared on the scaffold, with his confessor, who, after protesting he had no other motive than the cure of his master, laid his head on the block, and gave the fatal signal. The executioner had his orders before hand, at that instant to pour some cold water on his neck, which being done, the colour left his cheeks, his eyes sunk in his head, and he died in a few moments without speaking a single word; such are the fatal and extraordinary effects of fear on man, not less than on the brute creation, and not less than the sudden transports of the most affecting joy.

A Common Remark accounted for: viz. MEN *of* GENIUS *do not always excel in* CONVERSATION. *From Essays Moral and Literary.*

TO ÆMILIUS.

WHEN you were with me last, I remember you expressed your surprise that Varus, who has indubitable marks of true genius in his writings, appeared utterly destitute of spirit and vivacity in conversation. You seemed at a loss to account for the dullness of a man whose pages are replete with wit and humour; and you were astonished to find, that he who had engaged in the deepest disquisitions with all the subtilty of argument, was unable to support a trifling conversation on the common topics of the day. You did not perhaps recollect that great minds can exert themselves only on great occasions. Either from pride, diffuse, or natural inability, poets and philosophers are known to appear inferior in the arts of conversation, and the little decencies of common life, to the illiterate beau, and the superficial female.

It has been said, you know, that they who are employed in sublime speculations, learn to despise every subordinate object as unworthy their regard or cul-

tivation. Where this is really the caſe, it is eaſy to account for the aukwardneſs of men of wit and letters; for it is impoſſible to beſtow pains on the diſquiſition of what we condemn: but your own, as well as my experience, will furniſh inſtances of thoſe who have thought it a misfortune not to be able to ſhine at the tea-table, as well as in the ſchools.—Scaurus is one of this kind of men, and though he can trace a ſyſtem through all its mazes, he is incapable of expatiating on the common ſubjects of a new play, a new face, a new miniſtry, with tolerable accuracy or politeneſs.

One might naturally ſuppoſe, that when at laſt theſe exalted geniuſes condeſcend to open their lips, ſomething uncommonly excellent would come out; but we often indulge our expectations farther than reaſon and experience ſeem to juſtify. The greateſt men are ſtill but men, and, in the common intercourſe of life, are upon a level with the vulgar.—I dare ſay, you remember a ſhrewd remark of a writer, whoſe name I cannot recollect, that no great man ever appeared great in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*. In truth, many objects in the moral, as well as natural world, ſeem larger when viewed imperfectly and obſcurely. The meteor which ſtrikes the diſtant beholder with fear and aſtoniſhment, is found, upon a nearer view, to be nothing but a vapour; and the philoſopher, who is the object of awe and veneration among thoſe who never approach him, becomes, when cloſely inſpected in the humble occupations of common life, no more than a common man.

Life has often been compared to a drama, and the world to a ſtage.—I believe the ſubject we have been now conſidering will increaſe the reſemblance.—Various, indeed, are the characters when they appear on the public ſtage; but when they retire behind the ſcenes, and put off the glittering outſide which faſcinates beholders, the monarch differs little from the beggar, and the philoſopher from the peaſant.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SPEECH *in the* PANTHEON, *May* 6. 1779.

THE ſubject of this evening's debate is, "*Whether the Beauties of the Perſon, or the Qualifications of the Mind, tend moſt to recommend a young Lady to a Lover?*" That the debate may be managed with propriety, it may not be unneceſſary to define the term LOVER, leſt the queſtion ſhould be miſunderſtood. Were *you*, indeed, Ladies, to deliver your ſentiments upon this queſtion, there would be no occaſion for a definition. The youngeſt amongſt you all could determine at once what kind of a lover you would wiſh for. If you have not ſuch an one already, you would certainly wiſh him to be kind and conſtant, ſincere and tender hearted. Without theſe eſſential qualifications, you certainly would not reckon any man your lover. In ſhort, were I to aſk your definition of the term, I ſuppoſe you would anſwer me, "No man deſerves the name of a *lover*, who is not willing to exchange it for that of a *huſband*, as ſoon as he can obtain conſent of the object of his affections."

Pardon me, gentlemen, for appealing to the Ladies. They are deeply intereſted in the diſcuſſion of this queſtion. I know a number of you young *bucks* have very wild ideas of LOVE and LOVERS. If you ſee a pretty girl at church, or at market, no matter *where* or *who* ſhe be; if ſhe ſtrikes your fancy, you immediately imagine yourſelves in love: if, again, you are ſo fortunate as to get half an hour's chit chat with her, Oh, then, to be ſure, you are over head and ears in love! Nothing occupies your ideas but the lovely image of the *charming angel*, till the next pretty *goddeſs* you meet with defaces the *idol*, and ſets up her own in its place, in your fickle imagination. To her, ſucceeds a third, a fourth, and perhaps, a fifth or ſixth dozen; to each, and all of whom, by turns, you ſwear eternal love and conſtancy, while, after all, *marriage*, the only ſure pledge of ſincere love, is the laſt thing you would think of with any one of them!

Let me aſk you again, Ladies, can ſuch fickle fellows as theſe be reckoned lovers? No, ſurely! Still leſs can that villain deſerve the honourable appellation, who courts only to betray and triumph over female beauty and virtue. The lover, in the queſtion, can therefore only mean the man who is willing to become a huſband. All other lovers, whatever they may pretend, are only *lovers of themſelves*. If any gentleman, however, chuſes to conſider the queſtion in a different point of view, I have no objection; only, in my opinion, any other definition of the term will make it no queſtion at all, as *perſonal beauty* muſt doubtleſs be allowed to recommend a young lady moſt to a lover,

if the expreſſion is to be taken in the general faſhionable macaronian ſenſe of the word.

Having ſaid ſo much on the ſtate of the queſtion, in order to prevent miſtakes, I need hardly add any thing further by way of introduction. The public in general are now pretty well acquainted with the rules of this ſociety. Much has been ſaid by my predeceſſors againſt the illiberal practice of *hiſſing*. I have heard a very polite audience called "a parcel of *ſervants*, and a generation of *vipers*, for expreſſing their diſapprobation in this manner. For my part, I intend to follow a very different plan. Neither can I think the *reading* of a ſpeech deſerves a hiſs. Memory is ſtands as much beyond the reach of our acquaintance, as oratory, or perſonal beauty. Practice, I know indeed, tends much to improve the memory; but where buſineſs interferes, even this remedy is denied. As the buſineſs of the clergy, however, is to preach, I agree with thoſe who think that reading ought to be baniſhed from the pulpit; but until that event takes place, I think no gentleman need be aſhamed to read his ſpeech in the Pantheon, provided it is entirely his own compoſition. For my part, I would rather hear a gentleman read a ſpeech of his own compoſition, than deliver the beſt extract he could borrow from the moſt celebrated author. In the one caſe, we may, at leaſt, expect to hear ſomething new. In the other, we had better borrow the book from a circulating library, and read the whole work at home. The reader, in ſuch a caſe, is as far ſuperior to a ſervile ſpeaker, as a man is to a parrot.

Extempore ſpeaking, however, is doubtleſs far ſuperior to both, when it can be attained; and therefore, I intend to make it my chief aim, for the future, to attain at leaſt a paſſable degree of proficiency in it. And as I expect one of the wits will give us a ſpecimen of their talents in this branch to-night, I ſhall not take up any more of your time, further than juſt to remind you, gentlemen, that I would not have had the honour to preſide here this evening, if it had not been for an extempore ſpeech in broad Scots, delivered on the famous queſtion about love and money.

MARCUS AURARIUS.

Pall-Mall-Court-Square.

[*The other Speech in our next.*]

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SHALL beg, as a particular favour, that you will give the following Anſwers a corner in your entertaining Miſcellany, whenever you can find room: And, as I hate dry controverſy as much as you do, I here promiſe that I ſhall trouble neither you nor the public with any more upon the ſubject, whatever replymay be made. But as the Querift might, perhaps, think himſelf affronted if no ſort of anſwers were given to his five *important* queſtions, I have offered the following.

Yours, &c. IGNATIUS.

ANSWERS *to* QUERIES *relative to the Inſtitution of* BISHOPS. [P. 41.]

Anſwer I.

IT is matter of the utmoſt aſtoniſhment to Ignatius, that the learned Querift will not allow St James and his brethren-apoſtles to be poſſeſſed of any power or authority ſuperior to that of the loweſt church-officers; nay, that he even brings them down to a level with lay-men (comprehended in theſe phraſes, *the whole church*, and *the brethren*). But what lengths will not ſome people go in ſupport of a favourite opinion!

However, if he will not allow the Apoſtles, who, with the Elders, came together at Jeruſalem, to conſider about circumciſing the Gentile converts, to be called Biſhops, I ſhall not diſpute about words. What I contend for is the office: and that they were an order of church-officers, ſuperior to the Seventy, and, conſequently, to all other churchmen,—appears, I humbly think, very clearly, from their being inveſted with higher powers and authority than what were conferred upon the Seventy. Our bleſſed Saviour gave commiſſions to both, but of very different natures, as may be ſeen Matth. x. and Luke x.; and likewiſe from the plenitude of power wherewith he inveſted, firſt the twelve Apoſtles, Matth. xviii. 18. and afterwards the eleven before his aſcenſion, Matth. xxviii. 19, 20. John xx. 22, 23. And if the eleven Apoſtles had not thought themſelves thus raiſed to a degree of authority above the Seventy, there would have been no reaſon for them to have uſed ſo much religious form and ceremony in admitting Matthias (univerſally acknowledged to

have been one of the Seventy) into their number. This tranſaction conferred upon him a power wherewith he was not before inveſted; which ſerves to prove the diſparity between the twelve Apoſtles and the ſeventy diſciples.

I humbly think, the Queriſt labours under a groſs miſtake in ſaying that the *whole church* had a vote in that council that met at Jeruſalem to determine the queſtion about circumciſing the Gentile converts. This piece of intelligence he may, perhaps, have got by oral tradition: but I think, I may venture to affirm that he has it not from the words of ſcripture. In the firſt place, it was determined, that Paul and Barnabas ſhould go up to Jeruſalem unto the *Apoſtles* and *Elders* about that queſtion, Act. xv. 2. Then it is ſaid, v. 6. that "the *Apoſtles* and Elders came together to conſider about this matter." Further, we find that none gave their opinion in that council but St Paul, St Barnabas, St Peter, and St James; and ſo far were any others from offering to give their opinion, or vote, that, v. 12. it is expreſsly ſaid, "The whole multitude kept ſilence," &c. And, whoever are meant in the after verſes by the *whole church*, and the *brethren*, (not unlikely inferior church-men, and who, probably, had come to that meeting to hear the matter determined of very general concern to the Chriſtian church,) they, as appears, knew better what belonged to them than the Queriſt ſeems to have done; for they did not preſume to give their opinion. The direct fact is, that James alone pronounced the decretory ſentence, "*Wherefore*, MY *ſentence is*," &c. v. 19, &c. in which the other Apoſtles and Elders ſeem to have perfectly acquieſced. And, with reſpect to the church and the brethren being mentioned in the addreſs of the Epiſtle, no more can be thence inferred, than to ſhew the unanimity of the whole church of Jeruſalem in that matter, for the fuller ſatisfaction of the Gentile converts. Beſides, this is no more than what is ſometimes done by St Paul, who, in the addreſſes of ſeveral Epiſtles, joins with himſelf any of the inferior church-officers who happened to be with him when he wrote theſe Epiſtles.

Anſ. 2. It was a misfortune to St Paul that the Queriſt did not live in his days, and was not with him when he wrote his Epiſtle to Titus; for he would have taught him to have expreſſed himſelf with greater propriety than the Queriſt thinks he has done: But, as to the import of his queſtion, as I have already ſaid, I ſhall not diſpute about words. However, here we find a ſingle perſon veſted with power to ordain Elders in every city of Crete, and with authority to exhort and to rebuke when there was reaſon; a power which we don't find was conferred upon any, or even upon the whole body of thoſe Elders whom Titus ordained.

Anſ. 3. Although the Queriſt ſhould prove that Timothy and Titus were only *pro tempore* Biſhops, or (if that word gives him offence) church-officers, inveſted with the power of *ſingly* ordaining elders, (which, I humbly apprehend, he will find a good deal of difficulty in proving); yet what I contend for, remains unanſwered, namely, that the power of ordination was, by St Paul, committed to ſingle perſons, whom, upon that account, I conſider as ſuperior church-officers.—And I challenge the Queriſt to produce any one ſingle inſtance of St Paul's committing the power of ordination to any body of Preſbyters throughout his many, and ſome long, Epiſtles, to the Romans, Corinthians, &c. &c. This ſilence on that ſubject with reſpect to them amounts, I think, to a proof that he did not think the power of ordination competent to their order; otherwiſe, it may be preſumed, he would have ſaid ſomething about it, when we find him ſo full and explicit upon that matter in his ſhort Epiſtles to Timothy and Titus.

Anſ. 4. What the Queriſt means by quoting Acts IV. 23. (where the word *elders* is mentioned) in ſupport of his cauſe, I own I am much at a loſs to comprehend: St Luke is evidently talking there of Jewiſh elders. However, I ſhall do the Queriſt the juſtice to believe, that this was a ſlip of his pen, and not an error in his judgment. But, with reſpect to his quibbling about the words *church* and *churches*, I beg leave to refer him to what I have ſaid in the former Eſſay upon that point; and further, I deſire he will pleaſe turn up Acts XX. and he will find, v. 17. the *elders* of the *church*, the one in the plural, and the other in the ſingular number, and not *churches*: and v. 28 St Paul directs theſe elders to feed the *church*, not the *churches* of God. If the Queriſt imagines, that theſe elders were all of them to officiate within the walls of one particular *church* or *kirk*, I muſt frankly own it is a thing much be-

yond my comprehenſion, unleſs he can prove that there were only two elders in Epheſus, and, according to the modern phraſe, that they had a collegiate charge. This, I conceive, he will find very difficult to do.

Anſ. 5. It may be preſumed that St Paul, from a principle of humility, might deſire and allow the Preſbyters who happened to be with him at Timothy's ordination, to lay their hands upon Timothy's head along with his; a practice univerſally obſerved in the ordination of Preſbyters, if any Preſbyters happen to be preſent. But, that no falſe inference might be drawn thence, either by the Preſbyters of thoſe days, or by others in after times, the Apoſtle, in his Second Epiſtle to Timothy, takes particular care to inform him, that the gift of God, in the matter of ordination, was conveyed to Timothy by the putting on of his (St Paul's) hands; II. Tim. I. 6. "Wherefore, I put thee in remembrance, that "thou ſtir up the gift of God which "is in thee by the putting on of MY "hands." Which is what a perſon of St Paul's humility and integrity would never have ſaid (thereby attributing all the honour to himſelf), if he had thought it, in the ſmalleſt degree, needful for Preſbyters to lay their hands upon the head of a candidate for holy orders, for the purpoſe of ſtrengthening the act of ordination.

CHARACTER *of the* KING *of* SPAIN.

THE King of Spain is of an over phlegmatic temper, and whenever he has determined in his own mind that a meaſure is proper to be purſued, he is an utter enemy to alteration. He is a man of the ſtricteſt probity, incapable of adopting any ſcheme, unleſs he is perfectly ſatisfied in his conſcience that it is juſt and honourable; of ſuch immoveable features, that the moſt fortunate, or the moſt diſaſterous occurrences are alike unable to create the ſmalleſt variation in them. The regularity of his own life renders him very ſtrict about the conduct of his children, whom he obliges to be out fiſhing or ſhooting as long as he himſelf is abſent on the ſame amuſement: this he does to prevent their having time or opportunity to harbour bad thoughts. Like all the Princes of the Houſe of Bourbon, he has a great paſſion for the ſports of the field. There are but three days in the whole year that he ſpends without going out a-ſhooting; no ſtorm, heat, cold, or rain, can keep him at home; and when he hears of a wolf being ſeen, diſtance is accounted for nothing; he would drive over half the kingdom rather than miſs an opportunity of enjoying his favourite diverſion. He has been much ſoured at his ſubjects ever ſince the inſurrection at Madrid. He is very partial to Naples, and always ſpeaks of that country with great feeling.

ANECDOTE.

ON the 24th of Auguſt, 1734, a fleet of ſhips ſailed from Naples for Sicily, with a fair wind.—While the Chevalier de St George was attending the embarkation, a blaſt of wind blew his hat into the ſea. Several officers immediately endeavoured to take it up; but he called out, "Let it alone; I will go and get another in England." Whereupon the King of Naples, throwing his hat into the ſea, ſaid, "And I will go with you." On which a by-ſtander remarked, that "they might go bare-headed a long time, if they got no hats till they went to England for them; and beſides, they would find none there that would fit their heads."

WE have received Solutions of the Queſtion in our laſt [P. 201.] from ſeveral different Correſpondents, who all agree in the following anſwer:

		ſhills.
2 Men at four ſhillings each	=	8
9 Wives at one ſhilling each	=	9
9 Maids at a groat each	=	3
20 perſons.		20 s.

Arithmetical Queries by W. G.

I. A MAN had a 99 years leaſe, and being aſked how much of it was to run? made anſwer, that two-thirds of the time paſt were equal to four-fifths of the time to come. *Required*, The time paſt and to come by the ſhorteſt arithmetical proceſs, without the help of algebra.

II. A private banker diſcounts bills at ſix weeks at five per cent. and gets one-half per cent. commiſſion. At what rate per cent. does he lend his money?

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

An ELEGY *on the Death of Mr* W—— A——.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede. HORAT.

AH me! what doleful numbers ſtrike mine ear? (knell?
From whence that ſolemn dirge, that dreary
In ev'ry eye why ſtarts the penſive tear?
What groans of ſorrow ev'ry boſom ſwell?

In fun'ral garb and humble weeds array'd,
A ſad proceſſion ſlowly moves along;
Each voice is huſh'd, each murmur is allay'd,
And mute dejection glooms the ſilent throng.

'Tis Clodio's bier, and theſe his ſimple friends,
Whoſe pious grief attracts the paſſing eye;
Yonder his ſire with duteous care attends,
And bears the urn in which his relicts lie.

See! while they place it in the hallow'd mound,
All nature melts with ſympathetic woe;
In calmer murmurs breathe the winds around,
The limpid ſtreams in ſofter cadence flow.

Oh partial deſtiny! to merit blind!
Prompt to deſtroy with dire inſidious hate!
Could not the ſtrength of Clodio's noble mind,
Defy the ſhafts, and brave the ſtorms of fate?

Could not ſuch godlike energy of ſoul
Evade the ſorrows of a vulgar doom?
Could not the vigour of his youth controul
The mortal ſcythe, and ſhut the yawning tomb?

Alas! our efforts are of no avail;
The tyrant rules with arbitrary ſway,
At his command the ſprings of action fail,
Strength, power, and fortitude alike decay.

Tho' Clodio ſmil'd at penury and ſcorn,
And roſe ſuperior to the frowns of pride;
Tho' once as beauteous as the roſeate morn,
Yet ſoon did youth's inſtinctive glow ſubſide.

Tho' ruddy health ſuffus'd his jocund face,
And feſtive ardour warm'd his mantling blood;
Yet ſoon did pale diſeaſe his nerves unbrace,
And frigid torpor chill the purple flood.

Afflictive throbs, and agonizing pain,
Conſum'd his vitals like the rancid worm;
Contagious ills, infecting ev'ry vein,
By ſlow degrees unnerv'd his pallid form.

With terrors arm'd, the leaden hand of death
Benumb'd his limbs, and froze the circling ſtream;
A heavy languor ſtopt his parting breath,
Weigh'd down his eyes, and cruſh'd his feeble frame.

As ſome fair aſh, in beauty's vivid bloom,
With poiſon tainted, withers and decays;
Thus Clodio haſten'd to an early tomb,
His youthful temples wreath'd with rip'ning bays.

He led a ſimple, but unſullied life,
In conſcious worth and humble peace ſecure;
Remote from ſcenes of luxury and ſtrife,
His joys were homely, innocent, and pure.

And when the mandate of almighty Fate
From earthly durance freed the ſtruggling ſoul, (ſtate
With rapt'rous joy he chang'd this painful
For azure fields where tides of pleaſure roll.

And now, perhaps, his unembodied ſoul
Thro' fields of æther wings its myſtic way;
Or ſoars ſublime above the flaming pole,
Where golden ſuns and wand'ring planets ſtray.

Perhaps, on pure ſeraphic pinions borne,
It viſits climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where lucid cherubs, fairer than the morn,
With ſongs of joy acclaim their guardian God.

Edin. May 10. J—— W——.

On the DEATH *of a much-loved* WIFE.

NATURE ſubmits—no more ſhe needs
Our friendly aid—the conflict's o'er;
A tranſient calm the ſtorm ſucceeds,
And now, alas! ſhe breathes no more.

Yet ſmiles atteſt a ſoul ſerene;
Her mortal frailties are forgiven:
Let hope illume the tragic ſcene:
My Lucia's pardon's ſeal'd in heaven.

But, ah! to what far diſtant coaſt
Is flown the ſpirit of my dear?
In what wild region art thou loſt?
Oh! gentle ſpirit, tell me where.

Whether beyond the radiant pole,
Unnumber'd leagues on wing's convey'd,
(Where comets blaze, or planets roll)
In azure depths of ſpace thou'rt ſtray'd.

No, rather 'midſt th' angelic throngs
To thy bleſt ſoul a place is given,
Where cherubs chant immortal ſongs,
With ſeraphs round the throne of heaven.

Perhaps, with ſympathetic care,
Inviſible to mortal eyes,
Thou hover'ſt in the fields of air,
A witneſs to our tears and ſighs.

There, pleas'd, thy ſweet maternal love
Our youthful offspring ſtill ſurveys,
Sent by th' indulgent pow'rs above,
The guardian of their thoughtleſs days.

Oh! let me burſt this clay-built ſhrine
That veils my Lucia from my ſight,
Unite my raptur'd ſoul to thine,
And ſeek th' empyreal realms of light!

There, undiſturb'd by grief or pain,
Let hymns of praiſe our hearts employ;
Till each lov'd friend we meet again,
And endleſs bliſs in heav'n enjoy.

ODE TO LYCIDAS. *By the late Reverend* Matthew Pilkington.

WHY, Lycidas! ſhould man be vain,
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth and ſtate?

Can ſplendid robes, or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems to deck the hair,
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ſmoothe the brow of care?

The ſtarter'd prince, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The poor, the rich, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.

Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the richeſt glories wore,
Fled is that grandeur they poſſeſt,
And all their greatneſs is no more.

So glides the meteor through the ſky,
And ſweeps along a gilded train,
But when its ſhort liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.

STANZAS TO ———

WHY vies the beauty with the morn?
Thy ſweetneſs with the roſe?
What charms divine thy cheeks adorn?—
More fair than driven ſnows.

But Virtue's ſacred influence fled—
Each heavenly charm is vain;
Thy eyes the brighteſt luſtre ſhed—
They give but tranſient pain.

Save to ſome feeling breaſt like mine,
That bleeds for ev'ry woe,
Which Conſcience' ſtings may plant in thine,
While Guilt's ſad tears ſhall flow.

If now the flow'ry path delights,
That leads to ſenſual joys—
Remember age's wintry blights
Shall blaſt the paradiſe.

Then ſhun, Eliza, e'er too late
Each ſenſual pleaſure ſhun;
So ſhall thy charms prolong their date
Beyond youth's vernal ſun.

So may ſome ſwain with thee be bleſt,
Free from the ills of life;
Or, when with many a care oppreſt,
Find in thy ſmiles relief.

Thou, too, may'ſt ſpend Time's tranquil eve
In pureſt peace and joy;
Nor here reluctant aught ſhalt leave,
But faithful, hoping, die.

To the ZEPHYRS: *A* PHILIPPIAN.

YE gentle Zephyrs, ſons of May,
That o'er th' enamel'd vallies play,
Or ſweetly murmur through the grove,
And ſigh reſponſive to my love!
Guard from each attack of care
The boſom of my deareſt fair.
For Oh! you'll find more beauties there
Than you beſtow upon the year.
Bleſt, beyond expreſſion bleſt,
Could I but guard that much-lov'd breaſt!
You, like the nymph who gave you birth,
Are the friends of love and mirth:
Be each ſon of ſong your care!
Soothe to pity Damon's fair;
For oft, beſide old Tweda's ſtream,
Have ye heard his plaintive theme.
If, when to her you bear his ſighs,
A tear ſhould gliſten in her eyes,
O ſoothe the ſorrows of her breaſt—
The tear will make her Damon bleſt.

STANZAS *written on ſeeing* LAURA *aſleep, and a* FLY *light on her Hand ſupporting her Cheek.*

DELUDED inſect! doſt thou know
This love-inſpiring dame?
Does not a more than common glow
Surround thy little frame?

To touch that ſweetly damaſk'd roſe,
I've long'd much more than you,
But found—that thence Love's flame aroſe—
—His burning arrows flew!

While yet ſhe ſleeps,—fly from that hand,
If thou thy ſafety prize—
For never mortal could withſtand
The light'ning of her eyes.

IMPROMPTU,

On the THREATENED INVASION.

THE French enrag'd, their trade ſo loſt,
With tears cry, we're betray'd!
While Sartine vows, whate'er the coſt,
Their loſs ſhall be repaid.

Then plans, with thirty thouſand men,
To reach the Britiſh main:
Suppoſe this done! what would he then?
Why! wiſh them back again!

THE REVIEW.

SCOTS ANTICIPATION; *or, a Summary of a Debate; containing the Subſtance of the Principal Speeches that are to be delivered in the G——l A——y of the C——h of S——d, upon an Overture tranſmitted by the P——l S——d of G——w and A—r relating to Popery.* 8vo. 1 s. 6 d. Creech, Edinburgh.

THIS is a very ingenious and well written performance. Our Author has taken his hint from the celebrated Engliſh Anticipation *; and, though the nature and purpoſe of the G——l A——y cannot allow the introduction of ſuch a variety of extraneous matter in debate as the buſineſs of the H—e of C——ns, yet the ſtile and manner of ſeveral of the ſpeakers, which this acute writer has very ſucceſsfully imitated †, will afford ſome entertainment to the reader.—The ſpeeches here given are ſuppoſed to be delivered by the following reverend Members:

Mr G—ge L—rie of N——.
Mr J—s M—ſ—n of P——y.
Mr D——n M'F——ne of Dr——n.
Mr J——ph H—gſ—n of C—rm—ck.
Mr J—n Ch—y of C——ne.
Mr W——m D—n of Kirk——ch.
The L—d A——te of Scotland.
Mr C—n C——ll of R——w.
Mr Th——s Max—ll of Stew——n.
P——l C——ll of Ab——n.
Dr J—s G——s of G——w. And
P——l R——n.

Several of theſe ſpeeches, we will venture to ſay, are not inferior, in point of language, to the real compoſitions of the ſpeakers; but we entertain ſome doubt of the author's impartiality, as the orations *againſt* the overture for appointing a ſtanding Committee are, in general, the beſt written, except thoſe of Mr D—n and Dr G——s. But our readers ſhall judge for themſelves of the merits of this performance, from which we ſhall begin with an extract of the ſentiments of the L.—d A——te.

* *Of which we gave an account and extracts in* Vol. xlii. p. 257.

† *The author, it is ſaid, was preſent* but once *at a debate in the G——l A——y, which happened only laſt year.*

The L—D A——E of S——D.

"MOD——R, this Ven—ble C—rt is now engaged in a ſubject of debate that appears to me of the moſt important and conſequential nature. It is not a diſpute about the legality or illegality of preſentation by patronage, or about any petty appeal from an inferior judicatory of this C—ch; which, in what way ſoever it is determined, infers no conſequences that may be prejudicial to our character, as men, as Proteſtants, as Chriſtians. We are, Sir, now about to declare, in the face of the world, whether we are worthy or not to be characteriſed the peaceable followers of him, whom you all know by the name of the Prince of Peace.

"We would do well, Sir, to recollect, that our deliberations are not like thoſe of a kirk ſeſſion, of a preſbytery, or even of a provincial ſynod. Theſe may be right or wrong, liberal or illiberal, without materially injuring the great intereſts of religion at large. They affect them only in the particular quarter, or diſtrict, in which they preſide. It is not ſo at preſent. What we do will, more or leſs, influence the conduct of every member of the Church of Scotland. Nay, I will go farther, and ſay, that the whole church of Chriſt, at home and abroad, Papiſts as well as Proteſtants, will be affected by the iſſue. Did our Proteſtant brethren in Popiſh countries know how we were this day employed, with what anxiety would they wait to know our determination? And Papiſts would be equally anxious, that, by our precedent, they might be able to juſtify the ſeverity of their proceedings againſt the Proteſtants. For God's ſake, then, let our determination be ſuch as will give joy and ſecurity to the one, and to the other confuſion and ſhame. Let it be ſuch as we would venture to hold up our face and defend, even before a Popiſh tribunal.

"Such, I am afraid, Mod——r, will not be the caſe, if we proceed upon the plan which is pointed out by this overture. I am not ignorant, that the opinion which I give upon this ſubject will be liſtened to with a very jealous ear. I am not ignorant, that the public entertain an idea that the late propoſed bill was a favourite meaſure of mine. I hope this Ven—ble C—rt will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that they never detected me in any inſtance of diſingenuous con-

duct. And I will venture to say they never shall. When I cease to be candid, I shall cease to think myself worthy of the honour of a seat in this house.

"I acknowledge, then, that I wished to see Roman Catholics put on the same footing in Scotland upon which they had been lately put in South Britain. I thought it would be a reflection on my countrymen, that they had not made such a progress in religious refinement, and liberality of sentiment, as their brethren on the other side of the Tweed. But this Ven—ble A——bly will likewise give me credit, when I declare, that my primary intention was, to place them in a state of some degree of comfort and security, with regard to the enjoyment of civil advantages. I will do the reverend gentlemen of this church the justice to believe, that the greatest part of them, when they made the late opposition to the proposed bill, did not fully know the nature of those hardships and restraints under which the people professing that religion labour in this country. If they had, I am confident, from their known humanity and refinement, that they would have relaxed greatly in their severity; or, at least, they would have taken a little more care than they did to distinguish, in all their appearances upon the subject, between the civil and religious advantages intended to be bestowed.

"In these views, Sir, what I wished to do was chiefly from a motive of pure public spirit, if gentlemen will be pleased to admit that public spirit influenced me in the matter. I hope they will the more readily admit this, when they find I am candid enough to acknowledge, that I was also actuated by private considerations. I can explain myself in a few words.

"Every one who is acquainted with the above mentioned act knows, that all prosecutions, in the cases therein specified, are at the instance of his M——sty's A——te. That office, by the liberality of my S——gn, I have the honour to hold. I feel myself in an irksome situation, upon reading that act, lest some people, from particular views, should insist upon its being executed in all its rigour. I should have appeared in an aukward light to the world at the head of such a prosecution. My feelings, I hope, are not singular upon this subject. Let gentlemen take the case home to themselves. Let any one figure himself obliged to persecute, even unto death, a man on account of his religious principles, perhaps in order to gratify the rapacity of another, who wished to lay hold of the spoils, and, I dare say, he will not blame me for wishing to have that act repealed. I am justified in this by the public declarations of almost every part of Scotland. For it has been uniformly represented by all the opposers of the repeal, that they never wished to see that act enforced. But while it stands unrepealed, it is in the power of every man who chuses to require it to be carried into execution. And who can answer one moment for the humours and passions of mankind?

"This Ven—ble C—rt will, I hope, pardon me for this sort of digression: A digression so closely connected with the subject, and one which seemed so necessary to illustrate the conduct of some who were supposed to have an active hand in that business, which gave rise to the present overture.

"As to the overture itself, I must give my voice against it. This I do, not because it acts in opposition to what I have just now said was a favourite measure with me; for, whatever it might be some time ago, the idea is now for a while laid aside; but I oppose it, because it indicates an excess of zeal, where zeal is no longer necessary, and may, nay, I will venture to say, will be productive of consequences hurtful to the interests of this ch—ch in general.

"I would have the reverend Mem—rs of this C—rt to observe, Sir, that there is some reason to think, that not the most favourable impressions are at present entertained of the Presb——n persuasion. A great and leading man in the American Republic, Mr Witherspoon, had his education in that way; and he still rigidly adheres to his principles. In the greatest part of the American continent in arms, the Presb——ns have, almost without exception, espoused the republican and rebellious cause; whilst the interests of government have, almost as uniformly, been supported by those of the Episcopal persuasion. Neither is it a secret any where, that many reverend fathers and brethren of this Ch—ch, as well as many of the Dissen—rs in England, have, both in the pulpit and elsewhere, been more free in delivering their sentiments, in opposition to the measures of Government, in the management of

the American war, than was perhaps neceſſary, or conſiſtent with their proper character.

" All this ought not, it is true, Mod——r, in the eye of unprejudiced reaſon, to affect the character of the body at large. For the community may, as I hope is the caſe here, be innocent, while individuals are guilty. But people do not always judge in this cool and diſpaſſionate manner. They are too apt to form their judgment of the whole from a part. Now, Sir, I cannot help ſuſpecting, that an endeavour to continue this ferment, when the real cauſe no longer ſubſiſts, which ſeems to be the tendency of this overture, may be conſidered as of a piece with what I have above repreſented; and may admit of a conſtruction unfavourable to the cauſe and character of Preſbyterians.

" I have one thing further to add, Mod——r, in corroboration of this. I do it not from authority. It is mere conjecture. It is, perhaps, I ſay, it is owing to theſe unfavourable impreſſions of Preſbyterians, that the indulgence lately aſked by the Engliſh diſſenters was regarded by adminiſtration with ſo jealous an eye. It may be thought that a claſs of men, who have ſhown ſo untractable a diſpoſition, ought to be reſtrained by every means that can be decently employed. It is then, Sir, very much the buſineſs of this Ven—ble C—rt to take every ſtep that may tend to efface ſuch impreſſions: At leaſt to avoid any ſtep that may have a tendency to render theſe impreſſions ſtill deeper; which I am very apt to think would be the caſe, were you to go into this overture. I therefore have not the ſmalleſt heſitation to give my voice againſt it.

" Beſides, Mod——r, you will obſerve, the meaſure which it recommends is altogether unſeaſonable. The bill is laid aſide. Why then would gentlemen continue their oppoſition? Would they not give reaſon to ſuſpect that they had made the oppoſition merely for oppoſition's ſake? Since I have taken notice of the oppoſition given to it, I have ſtill a few words to add concerning it. They reſpect two points that have not perhaps been ſufficiently attended to.

" In the *firſt* place, it conſiſts with my knowledge, that the numbers in the oppoſition were greatly magnified. They were, we know, upon the moſt moderate computation, formidable enough. There was, therefore, the leſs reaſon to employ indirect means to make them appear larger. Yet theſe were employed. For the ſame perſon often appeared in different characters. One while he appeared as a pariſhioner: Another while as a member of ſome incorporation: And a third as a member of a C——ee of C——ce. Whether this was accidental, or deſigned, I pretend not to ſay. But it manifeſtly tended to render every calculation upon the ſubject altogether ambiguous and equivocal. Beſides, Sir, it rendered it very doubtful what proportion of the nation was really in the oppoſition.

" But, in the *ſecond* place, Sir, I would expreſs, in the ſtrongeſt terms, my ſuſpicions, that the people were not fairly and fully informed with regard to the proper object againſt which their oppoſition was directed. That it was directed, in general, againſt Popery, I believe, they all know. But I queſtion much if many of them know, to this very day, what this ſame Popery is. That it is ſome frightful, huge affair, which coſt ſome of their anceſtors dear, they know, in general. But this, Sir, was not ſufficient to render their oppoſition fair and honeſt. I would put a queſtion to thoſe who ſtirred up this oppoſition, if I knew them, and aſk, Whether they were at pains to inform the public under their guidance, that it was not the eſtabliſhment of Popery that was intended? I have ſome reaſon to ſuppoſe, that nine in ten of the common people in Scotland imagined that government was about to eſtabliſh Popery upon the ruins of the preſent Eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. If this was the caſe, no one will be ſurpriſed at the oppoſition which they gave. This ſuppoſition renders them, in a great meaſure, innocent. But does it not, Sir, devolve a great degree of guilt upon thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to inſtruct them, and to undeceive them in this particular? Had they been fairly informed of this, and other particulars relative to the intended repeal, I have ſuch an opinion of the good ſenſe of the people of Scotland, in general, as to think that they would not have ſhewn themſelves ſo exceedingly violent. I ſhould be glad to know whether any of the gentlemen who headed this oppoſition were at the pains to read over to their people the particular act intended to be repealed, and to point out the peculiar grievances under which the adherents to Popery, in this country,

laboured, in conſequence of it. If they did not, I cannot help reminding them of an obſervation made upon the teachers of Iſrael, that "the leaders of this people have cauſed them to err." But let the people be fairly informed, Sir, that it was chiefly meant to relieve the Roman Catholics from the civil hardſhips ſpecified in that act, and, I apprehend, they would relax greatly in their ſeverity. If not, let the queſtion be put to them, Whether they would not think it unreaſonable, iniquitous, and perſecuting, in any Popiſh government, to lay Proteſtants under ſuch reſtraints as are there ſpecified? They could not but grant that it would. Then aſk them, Why they do to others what they would not wiſh to be done to themſelves? Why they think that iniquitous and perſecuting in others, which, in their own caſe, they think fair and reaſonable? Had ſuch honeſt means been employed, I am confident there is not a peaſant or mechanic in Scotland who would not have been honeſt enough to yield to the force of the argument.

"But, inſtead of this, Sir, only one ſide of the argument was preſented unto them. They were artfully allowed to indulge their miſtake about the eſtabliſhment of Popery. Dark and doubtful inſinuations about this were propagated. The moſt inflammatory pamphlets were publiſhed and circulated through the country. Every tale of Proteſtant ſuffering was collected into one view, and the people given to underſtand, that, with all this over again, and more, they were to lay their account, if, by the moſt vigorous exertions of purſe and perſon, they did not put a ſtop to the intended repeal. Was this fair, Sir? Was it candid? Was it ſafe thus to rouſe the paſſions of mankind againſt what really did not exiſt? I am not ſurpriſed at the outrages which followed. Nor do I blame the violence of the people. I am rather ſurpriſed that they did not proceed to greater extremities. From leſs beginnings, Sir, did the flame that now conſumes the American continent take its riſe.

"But, though the people were not to blame in the extravagances which happened; yet, to their praiſe I ſay it, they had the merit in ſtopping ſhort, before the extremity became too great. Had the ſame pains been employed to allay their paſſions that were to rouſe them, we had not heard ſo much of their effects. But they, wiſer than their demagogues, had the moderation to ſtop ſhort, and to reſt ſatisfied with the good aſſurances that were given them. I allude not here, Sir, to the civil magiſtrates. What was in their power, I hope, I know they did. They ſoon ſhewed how diſſatisfied they were with the ſituation of things. But I am ſorry to ſay, that it ſeems not to have been the caſe with the Reverend Members of this Church. This, Sir, I am at liberty to add, without any impeachment of my charity. For it is the plain and unequivocal language of this overture. But let me aſſure ſuch gentlemen, that it is dangerous to tamper with the paſſions of the populace. It requires a dextrous and ſkilful hand to manage them. It is an eaſy matter to call them forth into action. But who is he that can ſay to them, Hitherto ſhall ye come, and no further? Until one is able, therefore, to reſtrain them at pleaſure, he ſhould be very cautious in the uſe of arts to rouſe them.

"This overture, Sir, ſeems to be a favourite child of that S-n-d from which it comes; as, indeed, the whole of the oppoſition appears to have been. I have ſome ſatisfaction, however, in thinking that there are many rational, moderate, and intelligent men belonging to that body, who differ in ſentiment upon the lately intended repeal from the majority of their brethren. Of this I had a ſtriking evidence early in the buſineſs. Immediately after that meeting of S-n-d which opened the campaign, I had a long letter upon the ſubject, from a reverend and reſpectable father in that S-n-d, whoſe doctrinal and political ſentiments would prove acceptable in the moſt orthodox corner of theſe bounds. In that letter, which does him honour as a man of judgment, candour, and feeling, he highly diſapproved of the S-n-d's proceedings. He ſtrongly recommends the meaſure of a repeal, and gives his reaſons. In place of the preſent penalties, he wiſhes that others of a more moderate nature were ſubſtituted, as calculated to have a better effect, and to reflect leſs diſhonour upon the humanity of the Britiſh Legiſlature, and nation at large.

"This circumſtance I thought proper to mention before I ſat down; as it tends to ſhew, that even thoſe whoſe ſentiments upon the management of Church affairs are the ſame in other particulars, are nevertheleſs different upon this ſub-

ject: and, as giving reaſon to ſuppoſe, that others, who have ſince adopted violent meaſures, would have judged differently, had they allowed themſelves to conſider matters coolly at firſt, and before their paſſions became engaged.

"Upon the whole, then, it appears, that the end at which the overture aims is bad, and that it is itſelf a bad mean for compaſſing the end it has in view. On theſe accounts, Sir, I give my voice againſt it. But I ſhall moſt heartily concur in whatever expreſſion this Ven—ble C—rt ſhall be pleaſed to adopt, marking their abhorrence of every thing licentious, tumultuary, ſeditious, and unchriſtian-like, that appeared in the oppoſition lately given to the intended repeal of the penal ſtatutes againſt Popery."

Some members, loudly prompted by an internal monitor, began to ſhow an inclination to conclude the debate by a vote, at four P. M. when all hope of this kind was, for the preſent, put an end to, by the earneſtneſs to declare his ſentiments diſcovered by

The Rev. Mr C—N C——L of R——w.

"Mod——r, I wiſh I may be heard, Sir. The noiſe of this laſt ſpeaker's roaring maks ſic a din in my ears, that I can ſcarcely hear my ain voice, Sir. I have ſeen the day, Mod——r, when I could have roar'd as loud as him for his heart; aye, and as lang too, Sir. I was a match, Sir, for his auld brither; an' wou'd hae been mair than a match for him i' theſe days. But theſe days are awa', Sir. I am now an auld man, Mod——r. I begin to feel myſel an auld man. But I have reaſon to be thankfu', I feel myſel' as much as ever diſpos'd, to the utmoſt o' my power, to ſupport my friends, an' the cauſe o' truth, an' o' the Chriſtian people. An' I'll may be mak this R—t H—n. Mem—r find ſae before I hae done wi' him.

"He had a fine introduction, Sir; a very fine introduction, indeed, Mod—r. Mony bra' words in't, Sir. Liberality o' ſentiment, an' moderation, an' candour, an' I dinna ken what a'. What's the meaning o' a' theſe, Mod——r? I'll tell you, Sir, his meaning. Think as I do, an' vote as I do, an' then you'll be gentlemen; you'll have liberality, an' refinement, an' a' the reſt. I dinna ken, Sir, what ſome might do, if they were as well paid for it. But weel I ken, I wou'd na' do't for a' his income.

"We were next favoured wi' his L——'s confeſſion. We did na' want his confeſſion, Sir. We are miniſters o' the goſpel: We're no prieſts, Roman Catholic prieſts. We dinna hold auricular confeſſion. But what did he confeſs, Mod——r, after a'? He confeſſed what every body ken'd before he confeſs'd. He confeſſed that this Popiſh bill was a favourite meaſure o' his ain. A' the warld ken'd that, Sir. But is na he a very modeſt young man to declare it ſae openly? He durſt na done that five months ſyne, Mod——r. It would 'a been as much as his lugs was worth. The people, Sir, the juſtly enraged people, Sir, wou'd a' made him take a jaunt up to London, wi' his friend B——p H—y, to purſue for damages.

"He next comes to ſpeak o' the framing o' this act o' King William's.—This glorious act, Sir, the great bulwark o' our Preſbyterian kirk. He calls it the work o' a junto, Sir. He may had his tongue about junto's, if he like. Wha was it that was for repealing this act, Mod—r? Was na this the project o' a junto too, Sir? He tells us, bluntly enough, that he was at the head o' that junto. Wha was at the tail o't I dinna ken, Sir. But ſure I am naebody was conſulted that ſhould 'a been conſulted? No, Sir, the people o' Scotland are very good judges; an' they had a right to gie their opinion. Were the miniſters o' the goſpel conſulted? No, Sir. They would readily have conſulted him about making a new law. An' I e'en think he might 'a had the diſcretion to conſult them about making a new religion, or rather cobling up an auld ane. Was even the gentlemen o' the country conſulted, Mod—r? No, Sir. I dinna even hear, Sir, that he let wit to his ain conſtituents. Wha was the junto then, Sir? Was it B——p H——, Sir, an' 'a reverend P——? I'm no ſaying that it was, Sir. As little durſt I contradict it when I heard ither people ſay't.

"What is the next thing we hear, Mod—r? We hear a great deal o' the repeal o' theſe laws, the ſhame that they are no repealed, an' the little hope there is, until this is done, that Popiſh governments will repeal the laws among them againſt the Proteſtants. What ſhall we ſay to a' this, Mod—r? Why they may e'en ſtand unrepealed. They'll do that at ony rate. But a fair reaſoner would ſay, Why do not the Popiſh govern-

ments repeal their laws firſt? They were firſt made. If they want peace, why do they na' ſhow ſome ſigns o't, by at leaſt ſending a flag o' truce? Until that is done, we would be great fools, indeed, to repeal our laws. No, Sir, let us keep them as they are, if it were nae mair but for ſelf defence.

"But we get at the ſecret o' a' this noiſe about the repeal. He let the cat out o' the pock at laſt. He's greatly hampered in his mind, Mod—r, about being obliged to proſecute. A ſtrange caſe this, Mod—r! We ſometimes hear o' people's conſcience twitching them for no doing their duty. But wha ever heard o' ony body's conſcience troubling them when they do what they ſhould do? It is his duty to proſecute, Sir; an' nobody but a madman would ever think o' blaming him for enforcing the laws o' the land. An' ne'er mean him, Mod—r. He's no doing't for naething, Sir. A thouſand or twa a year will buy a' the ſalve he'll need for his fair conſcience.

"He aſks us, why were we againſt repealing the penal ſtatutes, ſince we declare we dinna want to ſee them enforc'd? An' he calls this ſtrange. But it's no ſtrange, Mod—r. We dinna want to ſee them enforc'd, unleſs Papiſts be too open an' flagrant, like ſome ither folk. Then we'll let them ſee us enforce them; aye, an' gar him do it too, Mod—r, unleſs they be gude bairns. Some folk's the better to hae the taws o'er their head. It maks them behave diſcreetly, when, otherwiſe, they would be very troubleſome neighbours.

"The firſt part o' his ſpeech, he tells us, was to *illuſtrate* his conduct. What's the meaning o' that, Mod—r? To illuſtrate is to throw light on. Does he mean that his conduct in this affair has been dark, an', an',—— then I can tell him it has much need o' illuſtration. Or, does he mean, by *illuſtrating*, to acquaint us that he had a hand in this matter? He need na tell us that, Mod—r. We a' ken'd that lang ſyne, as well as he could tell us. Sae, if that be a', he might 'a ſav'd himſelf the trouble o' his illuſtrations.

"We hae next a great wark about Preſbyterians, an' the Americans, an' Dr Witherſpoon; and the Preſbyterians ſuppoſed favourers o' the Americans' cauſe. I believe ſome of them favours it, an' ſome of them no, Sir, juſt like ither folk. But I'm ſure o' ae thing, Mod—r, an' that is, that it's nae ſae ill to favour the cauſe o' America as the cauſe o' Popery. A body may favour the cauſe o' America, an' yet be a very good friend an' well-wiſher to government. But I defy him to be a friend to our government an' Popery at the ſame time. It's impoſſible, Sir; i' the nature of things, it's impoſſible, an' a contradiction, a plain contradiction in terms. But there's few Preſbyterians, true ones I mean, that's friends to Popery; therefore there's naething to hinder them, notwithſtanding ſome o' them hae a warm ſide to the Americans, to be very true ſubjects o' his Majeſty's government.

"He finds great fault wi' ſome o' the brethren for being o'er free in expreſſing their ſentiments about the American war. Wha's to be free in delivering their ſentiments, Sir, if the miniſters o' the Kirk o' Scotland are not? It cannot be expected o' placemen, an' poſtmen, an' expectants, an ſic like. They dare na ſpeak but as they are directed, Sir. But it's neceſſary that ſomebody do it, elſe a' would gang heels o'er head. An' fair fa' the miniſters o' the Kirk o' Scotland, Sir, for doing what they can to prevent this. But I fear there's but unco few o' them does it, Mod—r, i' theſe times.

"Aye, but we are told, Sir, all this is apt to give the court unfavourable notions of Preſbyterians. There's nae helping this, Mod—r. Better the court blame them than their ain conſciences. But that's no the true cauſe o' their having bad impreſſions o' Preſbyterians. The court is not ſo bad yet as to blame people for acting agreeable to the light o' their ain mind. I'll tell you the true cauſe o' theſe bad impreſſions, if there be ony, Sir. It's frae the bad ſwatches o' Preſbyterians that they ſee ſent up to them anes i' the ſeven years, Sir. They think the ſtock's like the ſample, Mod—r. But they're a' miſta'en, Sir.

"We have heard a great deal ſaid about the oppoſition given to this meaſure, an' great fault found wi't, Sir.—May be there were ſome wrang things in it, Mod—r. I'm no denying that. What can we expect perfect here, Sir? But, ſurely, Sir, bad as it was, it was good enough for the meaſure oppos'd. Bad an' irregular meaſures may aye be oppos'd in a way like themſelves. The meaſure, then, an' the oppoſition, were well met: But, Sir, it ill becomes the ſupporters o' that meaſure to find fault

wi' the oppoſition. It minds me o' the Black ſcolding the Sweep for a black dirty raſcal. The Sweep good-naturedly replied, "Brither, ſhake hands."

"But, what ſtrange wark does he make when he comes to the particulars o' the oppoſition? He tells us the numbers are greatly magnify'd, Sir. How does he prove this, Sir? By a ſtrange piece o' reaſoning: A very ſtrange reaſoning, truly, Mod—r. He tells us the ſame perſon appeared in different characters. One while as a pariſhioner, another while as a member o' an incorporation, another while as a member o' ſome committee. Wha ever heard o' incorporations or committees in country pariſhes? Is this a' the knowledge this gentleman has o' the ſtate o' his country, Sir? An' is he a proper perſon to conſult about making new laws? His aſſertion can only be true reſpecting the members of oppoſition in Edinburgh and Glaſgow; though, even there, I imagine, he's wrang inform'd, Sir. They were good men; men o' principle, Sir, that were i' the oppoſition: An' theſe dinna, they canna lay aſide their principles when they pleaſe, as an advocate does his three-tail'd wig when he takes a jaunt to the country. No, Sir; had they been capable o' ſuch practices, ſuch Jeſuitical practices, they would 'a been the warſt men i' the warld to oppoſe Popery.

"He finds great fault wi' us miniſters, Sir, for no informing our people better about Popery, an' about the thing they were oppoſing. But he does it without good cauſe, Sir. The people were very well informed, Sir. They ken'd well a' about it, Sir. Did this gentleman ever ſee the print on this ſubject that was publiſhed at G——w? It ſeems no, Sir, or he would 'a ſeen that the people are no ſae ignorant o' this matter as he imagines. There's great knowledge o' the affair communicated i' that print, Sir; great knowledge indeed. Ye there ſee, that they not only kend what Popery is, Sir, but alſo wha was the chief ſupporters o' the buſineſs. They want ae principal perſonage in it. I wonder how he came to be miſs'd. I hope they'll honour him wi' a place i' the next edition. I would propoſe he ſhould be made to ride before the Scarlet Lady on the beaſt's back. Let ony body look at this print, Mod—r, an' ſay, if they can, that the people of Scotland are ignorant about what they're oppoſing. If ſome that were for the meaſure had ken'd as well about it, they wou'd na been ſae thrang as they were ſupportin't.

"But he comes to cloſe quarters wi' us at laſt, an' puts the queſtion fairly. He tells us, if he knew wha was i' the oppoſition, an' ſtirred up the people, he would aſk them, Whether they ever informed the people that it was only a part o' the penal ſtatutes that was meant to be repealed? Suppoſe I ſhould anſwer, That I was in the oppoſition, I would tell him, that I informed the people fairly, that, *if they gave Papiſts an inch, they would take an ell;* as they were well warned in a ſerious, a ſenſible, an' ſeaſonable addreſs to the people, publiſhed at P—ſl—y on the occaſion. Was na' this true information, Mod—r? If ony body thinks otherwiſe, they ken naething about Popery. I'm no ſure but I added, that it was beſt to keep them at arm's length; that they were very well as they were, an' it was beſt to keep them ſae. If ony body find fault wi' this information, they may e'en do ſae. It was the beſt I could gie my people, according to my conſcience.

"We next find him buttering the people of Scotland; paying them a few compliments, Sir. That's an eaſy matter to a courtier, ye ken. He calls them candid, an' ſenſible, an' ſo forth; an' ſae he may. It does nae mair than make amends for the treatment an' neglect of them that paſs'd. It does nae do for ſome folk to preſume o'er far upo' the good nature o' the people, to ſay they'll do ſae an' ſae. They'll bring in ſic an' ſic a bill, without ever anes conſulting theſe that are moſt nearly concern'd. Them that does ſae ſeems no to ken what's the Scots creſt an' motto, Sir. I'll remind them. It's a thiſtle, Sir, an' "*Nemo me impune laceſſet.*" Let be for let be, is the meaning o't. They're a very good ſort of people, an' ye let them alane, Mod——r. But, an' ye anes provoke Sauney, an' gar him draw his claymore, ye'll be fair to get a clout wi't before he put it up again. I wou'd na adviſe the ſupporter o' this buſineſs to preſume o'er far, for a while, upon what he can do wi' the people of Scotland. He was tell't ſae nae lang ſyne i' the H—ſe of C———ns; an' I can tell him again that there's ſome truth in't.

"Nae wonder, Mod——r, conſidering a' this, that he's ſo ſevere in his blame o' theſe that he thinks rous'd the people. He thinks it was the miniſters

that did it. But he's a' mista'en, Sir. The miniſters found them rous'd to their hand. They may be did na do what he thinks they ſhould a' done to pacify them. But how could they do it, Mod——r, when the min——rs were rous'd themſelves? They had as much need to be pacified as their people. But I'll tell you, Sir, wha rous'd the people. It was the framers and ſupporters o' this project. We hae an auld Scots proverb that applies here, "There's nane ſae ready to cry catch the thief as the thief himſel."

"In ſhort, Sir, its nae eaſy matter to go through a' the particulars that hae been mentioned. A body's ready to forget ſome o' them. But you ſee, Sir, there's nae pain in anſwering them, an we could but recollect them.

"Now, Sir, a word about the overture, an' we hae done. I need na take up your time in pointing out the evil o' the meaſure it's intended, well intended, I ſay, Sir, to prevent. That has been done, very well done, I ſay, Mod——r, by a former ſpeaker. We a' ken the evil o't but o'er well, Sir. Neither need I ſay a great deal about appointing a C———ee. It's far better that we appoint a C———ee than leave't it to our people to do't. If we leave't to them, Sir, there's nae anſwering for them. I wou'd na be ſurpris'd tho' they ſhould do ſomething like what they did nae lang ſyne. It will be our fault if they do this, Sir. Let us do what we can to prevent it, Mod——r.

"I need na tell you, Sir, that there's great need to be wary in appointing this C———ee. Very great need, Sir. Tak care that they be good men, Sir; men upon whom ye can depend, Mod——r. Men of name, Sir. Men of weight, of family, Mod——r. Men o' a wavering character, men o' doubtful principles, might ſpoil the whole, Sir. They might mar the whole deſign, an' let Popery in upon us before we kend where we were, Sir.

"It wou'd na do, Sir, to appoint mere upſtarts; young men, Mod——r, that are ſae ready to think lightly o' the moſt ſerious matters. No, Sir, they muſt be men o' ſtanding, men that have grown grey in the ſervice. Then you'll can depend upo' them. They have a name to loſe, Sir; and, therefore, they'll be cautious in the diſcharge o' their truſt. Nay, if ye can get men whoſe forefathers have ſtood forth i' the cauſe; theſe are the men, M——r. Men that have true, well tried blood i' their veins. I am far from naming ony body, Sir; but it's well kend to this H—ſe, that a certain clan, that ſhall be nameleſs, it wou'd na' do for me to name it, have ever ſtood foremoſt i' the cauſe. I have ſome pretenſions to the ſpirit o' that clan. My anceſtors had ſome o' the beſt blood i' the nation i' their veins, an' they were na ſparin o't when it could ſerve a good cauſe. I hope, Sir, that blood's no yet degenerated. I hope, Sir, there are ſome ſtill living whoſe pulſe beats as high at the name of Popery, as ſome o' theſe that loſt their precious lives in contending againſt it. Theſe are the men you ſhould appoint, Sir: Theſe are the men, Mod—— r, that are to do your buſineſs.

"When ye get theſe men, Sir, erect them into a C———ee, a ſtanding C———ee, as the overture directs. They'll watch o'er the intereſts o' the k-rk i' the day o' danger. We're told, Sir, the danger's o'er. I dinna believe that, M—— r. I winna believe't. I canna believe't. What, Sir, the danger o'er? No, Mod——r. Yon cunning chiel Fox may bring in the bill ſome day, when the M——r's ſleepin'. He would ſeek nae better ſport, Mod——r. What an' he ſhould get it paſs'd before he waken? Then, Sir, he would laugh at us a'; an' we might whiſtle o'er our thumb. We hae a heavy headed M——r, they ſay. There's nae truſting to ſic drouſy folk. What, Sir, did he na fa' aſleep, the papers ſaid, at the time, the very time they were talking upo' this affair i' the H—ſe of C——ns? We muſt get a C———ee that will keep him waken; an' a C———ee that we'll be ſure winna fa' aſleep themſelves. No, Sir, we muſt let him ſee we're ſerious. May be that will make him ſerious, too, Sir. Let us appoint this C———ee, then, Sir. Let us thank the S—d of G——w and A—r for putting it in our heads; an' then there will be ſome hopes o' our Gen—l A———ies yet, Sir.

"Theſe are my ſentiments, Mod——r. They are the ſentiments o' an auld faſhioned man, an' tell't you in an auld faſhioned way; an' therefore ye'll may be no pay great heed to them: For auld ſprings gie nae price. But mind I hae tell't you them; mind I hae tell't you the truth, Sir, an ſae hae clear'd myſel', Mod——r."

[*For the ſake of our country readers, we ſhall give ſome farther extracts from this ingenious Pamphlet in our next.*]